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1940-A Maritime Story of War and Survival

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Chapter 1 by Joseph Donovan

[A story derived from the song by The Submarines]

The year is one thousand nine hundred and forty
And something isn't right.

"Rise and shine!" Someone yelled in the dark. I could hardly hear him since my sleeping mind kept the voice at quite a distance.

Then the alarms went off, and the red lights spun on the axles above my berth. "HAHA! Now's the time to be alive! The subs are here!" He was a very tall man, but without girth. Above all, he was a warmongering lune.

I got into full gear in a swift motion, this isn't my first time facing the U-Boats- I was part of an experimental fleet that was testing an on board radar system, and so far seemed so good. Except, going from losing half your fleet down to a quarter, is a grim improvement.

However, even with the radar, these U-boats are hard to catch. They're curious shape shifters in

Hedgehogs would detonate upon impact. the change in sudden pressure, along with just the new hole ripped in the side, would case a quick death. This was not the case with old technology that was less accurate, and they should thank us.

"250m, HH FIRE 7lbs AT WILL!" That was for me.

I loaded them in, pulled the ignition, and the noise of explosions rang in my ears.

But it was not from the mortars.

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